NOW HE'S A LILIPUT SANDOW.

Ist the Biggest Boy "for Going on Seven" 'at Ever Lived in All the Whole Round World.

HERE'S a little boy in New York whose name is—never mind what his name is. Here's his story.

He's six years old. He's ruddy and broad-shouldered and flat-backed, and he has sturdy little arms and legs, and he has lungs like a blacksmith's bellows. He lives in a New York flat.

This is the way it all happened.

A few months ago he was not well. He was pale and waxen and heavy-eyed, and he coughed a good deal.

His mother worried about him a good deal. She took him to a fine physician, who gave the boy medicines, and did the best he could for him, and said: "Madame, your boy is naturally delicate. You will have to nurse him carefully to raise him."

One day a man saw the little boy. The man's name was Muldoon. He is a wrestler and a physical trainer. He takes tired, worn-out men and makes them all over again. He doesn't pay any attention to boys.

But he knew this boy's father once, a good many years ago in California, and he looked at the boy, and he said:

"Too many nerves; too little blood. Let me see what I can do."

When the gentlemen who were at the trainer's farm saw the little, pale boy they laughed.

The little boy felt homesick when the men laughed, but the big trainer threw the little boy on his shoulder and said: "Never mind, my boy, we'll laugh at them pretty soon."

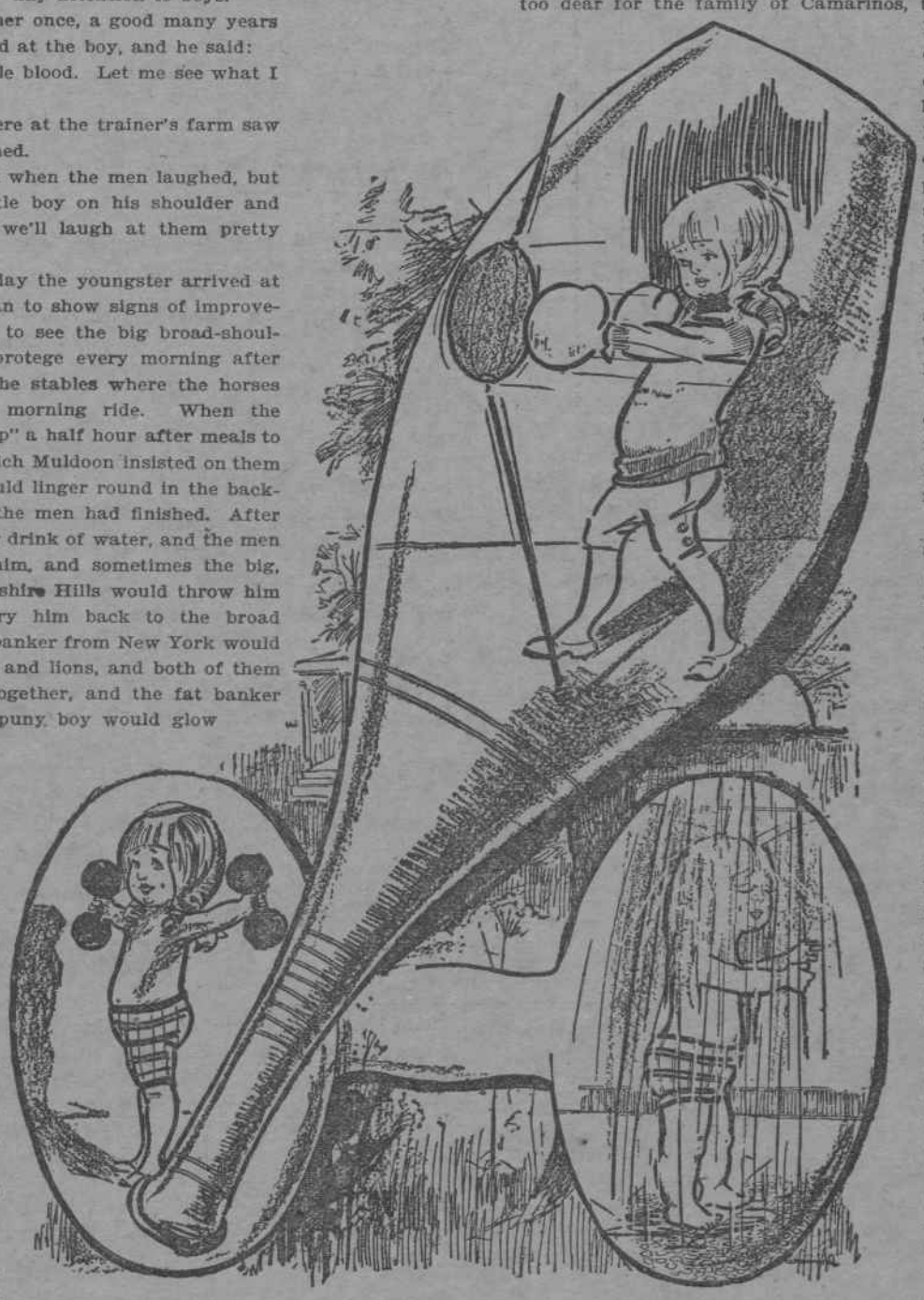
Inside of a week from the day the youngster arrived at the hygienic mansion he began to show signs of improvement. It was a tender sight to see the big broad-shouldered wrestler and his wee protege every morning after breakfast making tracks to the stables where the horses were being saddled for the morning ride. When the patients gathered at "the pump" a half hour after meals to drink the clear, cold water which Muldoon insisted on them drinking, the "little chap" would linger round in the background and take a sip after the men had finished. After a time he learned to take a big drink of water, and the men would laugh and joke with him, and sometimes the big, handsome man from the Berkshire Hills would throw him on to his shoulder and carry him back to the broad veranda, and perhaps the fat banker from New York would tell him a story about dwarfs and lions, and both of them would become like children together, and the fat banker would laugh, and the small, puny boy would glow with delight and smile so broadly that all his baby teeth would show. Then Muldoon would sometimes stroll up and say quietly, but firmly, "The horses are being brought up. William, I want you to keep out in the fresh air until lunch hour. If you get hungry, Jane will give you a glass of milk. Drink all the milk you can, my little man. Come, gentlemen, are you ready?" Then they would mount their sleek horses and ride away, leaving the house and grounds quite lonely for hours.

Within a month William, or "Little Bill," as they all called him, was strong enough to run a mile without the slightest effort. Muldoon sometimes let him go up in the big room at the top of the house and throw or kick the large leather balls that the men exercised with every morning. Those were proud moments for "Little Bill," but Muldoon does not believe in violent exercise for small boys, and would only permit the ball-throwing every few days.

"Good, plain food and plenty of it; fresh milk and eggs, an active life in the open air; early to bed and early to rise, will make a ruddy-cheeked child of the puniest morsel of humanity," Muldoon says.

Within two months the pale little boy gained just fourteen pounds. When he arrived that memorable day at the Hygienic Institute he was taken upstairs and weighed on the scales where "all the other men are weighed." He tipped the beam at just thirty-four pounds. Eight weeks from that day he tipped the same beam at forty-eight pounds. He had gained in every way; his cheeks were rosy, chest broader, shoulders straighter, and eyes alive with overflowing spirit and perfect health. When the weather grew warmer "Little Bill" was allowed to stand on a big, square table and "punch the bag" when the men had finished their rounds at it. There would be great shouting and laughing as his little fists struck out right and left and the big "pigskin" bag would fly back and hit him in the face. But in time he learned to dodge it like an expert, and keep it going with a rat-a-tat-tat that was surprising. His stock went up when he was permitted to stand "under the shower" just like the rest of the men, and be "rubbed down." The men at the farm laughed with him then. They were all over laughing at him weeks before. When he went home the whole farmful went to the station and gave three ringing cheers for "Little Billie," and Little Billie gave three ringing cheers himself, and they do say his mother cried when she saw him.

Mothers do cry sometimes.



"Ist the strongest boy 'at ever lived."

PIETRO'S EASTER EGG.

POOR little Pietro, son of the vender of plaster of paris angels and goddesses! He had watched the other boys gambling with their Easter eggs all morning, and the blood of the gamester stirred under his brown hide. It was no use for him to ask for eggs at home; eggs at Easter are far too dear for the family of Camarinos, the image vender. Pietro should not have been idling there watching the other boys crack the ends of their gay-colored, hard-boiled eggs. Whosoever had an egg that broke at the contact, his egg became the property of the other. Pietro should have been selling papers and not hardening himself for the beating that would be his portion for his laziness. And as Pietro watched the boys he had a gambler's dream. He saw himself armed with an egg with a shell of marvellous thickness, cracking all comers until his pockets were full of hard-boiled eggs of many colors. The game in his dream kept on, and he saw himself fill his hat with the spoil and present himself at home with eggs enough to feed the family for a week.

The end of his dream came at last, and he realized that he was an eggless boy. He must get the initial capital to make that dream a reality.

Before a grocery store on the corner lay a great box of eggs. For a quarter of an hour he studied the contours of the eggs exposed. At last he made his choice. In an instant a large, sharp-ended egg had changed from the crate to his side pocket. He hurried home. Nobody was in. He boiled the egg until it was solid, and then back to the street where the boys were cracking. He held up his egg as a challenge. A moment of ecstatic suspense while another boy held out a crimsoned egg. Sharp the ends cracked together. Alas for the dream! The big white egg was shattered.

That night Pietro came home with more eggs than he had dreamed of. He had learned that fortune does not always come unaided. Being the son of an image vender has this advantage: There is always plaster of paris in the house, and a blown shell filled solid with plaster of paris gives no outward sign of its true character, and will smash any honest egg that was ever a hen's joy.

AN English newspaper recently offered prizes for the best definition of the "New Woman." The prize was awarded to the author of the following: "A fresh darn on the original bluestocking."

The definition of the new woman, "Mannishness minus manliness," would be acceptable to Mr. Labouchere, of Truth. When the bill giving votes to certain women passed its second reading in the House of Commons, he attributed it to the weakness of men in the presence of 2,000 Amazons. He appreciates women who are feminine, and, contrariwise, despises those pertinacious ones who insist on having votes and other masculine privileges. He declares that woman (meaning the feminine woman who does not want to vote) should not be made to alter her sex by act of Parliament. He reiterates the stock objection that the gift of rational argument in personal discussion has been denied to women by nature, yet offers consolation in the assertion that instinctively they are often right on matters within their province.